

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

THE GREAT CRUELTY

IT STILL GOES ON—THE NEEDLESS SUFFERING INFLICTED UPON OUR FOOD ANIMALS IN SLAUGHTER-HOUSES OF THE UNITED STATES. IT WILL GO ON UNTIL EITHER PUBLIC OPINION DEMANDS THAT IT CEASE OR SOME METHOD OF SLAUGHTER IS FOUND THAT WILL KILL AS RAPIDLY AND ECONOMICALLY AS THE PRESENT BRUTAL METHOD BUT PAINLESSLY, OR UNTIL THE DECREASE IN THE CONSUMPTION OF MEAT AWAKENS THE PACKING INDUSTRY TO THE FACT THAT MEN AND WOMEN WILL NOT EAT THE FLESH OF ANIMALS KILLED WITHOUT REGARD FOR THEIR SUFFERING. THE LONG LINE HEADED FOR THE SHAMBLES MOVES ON NIGHT AND DAY. IT NEVER STOPS.

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Vol. 55

No.

12

MAY, 1923

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COPIES OF "THE GREAT CRUELTY"

By DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

which recounts the story of what he witnessed in one of the great slaughter-houses of the country, will be sent free to any who will distribute them; also an eight-page reprint, illustrated, from "Our Dumb Animals" for November, giving an account of his visit last summer to the slaughter-houses of Europe. The needless sufferings of our food animals in the slaughter-houses of the United States outweigh all the other sufferings of these animals combined.

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Massachusetts

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 12

If you were a goldfish, how would you like to spend your days in a glass bowl?

If you were a thing of wings, how would you like to live in a little brass cage?

If you were a monarch of the forest, how would you like to be locked up behind iron bars?

If you were a clever little dog, how would you like being forced to turn back somersaults to make thoughtless people laugh?

If you were born in a beautiful coat of fur, how would you like to be tortured in the jaws of a steel trap that someone else might wear it?

If you were bred and raised to be eaten, how would you like to be killed by being jerked up by a hind leg and then having your throat cut, when you might just as well have been killed without any suffering?

REPORTS for the Department of Agriculture show that while in 1921 in the 67 chief horse markets of the country 317,445 horses and mules were sold, at these same places in 1922 the number increased 39.4 per cent to 442,646.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS, jealousies, failure to order enough Spanish bulls, have brought the bull-fight season in Mexico City to an inglorious end several weeks ahead of time. Congratulations to misunderstandings, jealousies, etc.!

If reports are true, France is drifting back into the dark ages of cruelty by her patronage of bull-fights. In spite of the opposition of her humane societies, these barbarous and bloody exhibitions are multiplying.

WE are told that England is going to erect a monument upon la place de Chipilly in the Somme, in memory of the British horses fallen in France during the late war. It will bear this inscription: "The English Army, in Remembrance of Its Brave Horses."

WHY MISREPRESENT US?

We are repeatedly told of those who say of our Societies, "Oh, they are rich, they don't need any money." Only the other day a lady said to us, "I am told you have millions, that you are rolling in wealth."

The last report of the trustees of our permanent funds, February 28, 1923—and we have no other funds, or money, or resources—showed that the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had \$570,542.33 of invested funds. A large part of this is restricted to the use of the interest only.

Last year our current expenses for work over the State, our Angell Hospital work, the work done at the Nevins Rest Farm for Horses, our educational work in the schools of the Commonwealth, the publication and circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*, cost us \$167,110.30.

Of this sum \$27,024.35 came from our invested funds—about 16 per cent of what we spent. The balance had to be secured by unceasing solicitation from our members and friends, and from bequests designed for current work. This is "rolling in wealth" with a vengeance!

We strive, year by year, to add to the permanent fund. These additions, however, are far from being what they should be. This fund corresponds to the usual Endowment Fund of a charity and should be made as large as possible to protect the Society against the future.

As to the American Humane Education Society, it has permanent funds amounting to \$133,673.24. Annually it draws from these funds from five to ten thousand dollars more than it receives from annual contributions.

We were never doing so much as today, and we never needed money more to meet our constantly widening service.

Our purpose has been and will be to go forward in the faith that the more we do, the more the friends of the cause who know of us will give us to do with.

A NEW VENTURE FOR SMALL ANIMALS AT OUR FARM

As stated in our last issue, Methuen, Lawrence, and the Andovers have no animal rescue league, or any institution for looking after stray and unwanted dogs and cats. The need, however, is so great that without waiting for special funds for the purpose, we are undertaking the work in connection with our Nevins Rest Farm for Horses.

It means a proper shelter to receive these unfortunates, a small ambulance, a man to take charge, and, of course, many incidental expenses.

This is a genuine work of mercy that should appeal to all our friends, especially to those who are residents of these several towns. We shall greatly appreciate contributions, both large and small, for this purpose.

SENT BACK FROM THE SHAMBLES

HOW few of us know the tragedies in the lives of animals bred for slaughter! We are told by government authorities that thousands of animals shipped to the great markets to be bought and killed, because of their unsatisfactory condition are shipped back again to be fed and fattened till fit finally for the butcher's knife. During 1922 these shipments back from the shambles increased 36.5 per cent over 1921. "This," says the official reporter, "serves as an excellent index both of the change in sentiment among livestock holders and of the improvement in general credit and trade conditions."

And these poor creatures are the unfortunate victims of this changed situation. They must make three journeys to the slaughterhouse instead of one. Outside of all this means to the animals, it looks to us like the most senseless business management on the part of those stupid enough to permit such waste.

TRAINED ANIMAL SHOWS PASSING AS INFLUENCE OF JACK LONDON CLUB STEADILY INCREASES

NOW is the time for all good friends to come to the aid of performing animals.

MEMBERSHIP in the Club is now well over a quarter million.

THE English committee on Performing Animals have recommended that the penalties for cruelty to animals be revised and increased.

Switzerland Starts Jack London Club

At the next meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals to be held in March, the Jack London Club will be founded . . . Switzerland, always being allied with every international movement, desires to be represented also in the Jack London Club, in order that she may join with other nations and put a stop to useless suffering wherever it obtains.

From *L'Ami des Animaux*, (Geneva)

Is This a Bid for Bigger Business?

Certain amusement industries have entered into a combination, it is announced, for the purpose of abolishing forthwith all objectionable shows. Eighty-three circuses and 178 carnival companies are said to be signatories to an agreement to "clean up" the amusement business. One man, a prominent Chicago lawyer, has been appointed dictator or chief censor of all these varied enterprises. This action is considerably overdue and appears to have been brought about by several reasons, viz., detection and disclosure of vicious, cruel and intolerable elements connected with show production; contemplated prohibitive legislation in several states, including Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Florida, and a waning interest or popularity in shows that formerly flourished.

The task of reforming these huge amusement enterprises which must get millions by hook or crook to support them, will be nothing short of a herculean one-man job. Insofar as an honest effort is made in this direction it will receive the hearty endorsement of the Jack London Club.



International

VAUDEVILLE INANITY—UNNATURAL TO ANIMALS, DEGRADING TO SPECTATORS

The Fate of a Traveling Circus

Add another chapter to "The Pitiful Story of the Performing Animal." The scene was in an old barn in New Hampshire; the actor-victims were ten dogs, three ponies, two monkeys, one donkey; weather, bitter cold; shelter, insufficient; feed, scanty; starvation imminent. It was a sad outlook for a troupe of performers who had not themselves frittered away their hard-earned summer savings. Their ungrateful manager had deserted them, without even providing for their meagerest needs, though they had supported him and his family in summer from the profits of their performing.

Word of their sorry plight comes to the Concord S. P. C. A., and quick measures are taken to rescue the perishing. It is too late to succor four of the dogs and their painful careers are ended. Surviving comrades have a happier fate in store. The home for animals maintained by the S. P. C. A. in Bow has received them. Their traveling days are over. With the arrival of spring they have reached ideal winter quarters. Their last summer's owner declares he "loves" animals and "expects" to continue in the show business.

JOIN the Jack London Club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theaters that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*.

WATCHING THE STRAWS

IT is the season when press agents of the circuses and traveling shows launch their campaigns for publicity. Someone observes that the Jack London Club "must have brought a lot of high-cost advertisements to the daily newspapers," so numerous and elaborate are the special illustrated articles of current publication. Such is probably the case. But do not overlook another very significant probability. Herein also one may reasonably determine the direction of public opinion.

In connection with this phase of the subject we refer to one who, as she writes, "has been watching straws to see which way the wind blows." Miss M. Dalton, assistant editor *Southern School Journal*, writes substantially as follows:

"When Jack London wrote 'Michael Brother of Jerry,' his readers shuddered or wept or swore, according to their natures, but they did not doubt his statements concerning the cruelties practised in the training of animals for public performances. Very soon, there was begun the 'Jack London Club,' with no dues, no obligations except to fail to attend public performances in which trained animal acts appeared, or else leave the house while such performances were in progress, thus discouraging the continuance of such performances.

"When the membership of the Club reached a hundred thousand or so, there appeared in the magazines beautifully written stories of

circus animals; stories in which their domesticated virtues were shown, and in which their sufferings in captivity were cleverly glossed. The first of these writers, upon investigation, proved to be the advance agent of a circus. We have not looked up the history of others who are writing in the same vein, but we are willing to wager that they are all of the same breed.

"Then, pictures of a famous (infamous) hunter of big game, who trapped and killed and skinned until he fell a victim to some of the dangers he encountered, were put into the motion picture houses. We saw some of these things the other night—saw the dying struggles of some of the masters of animal creation; saw the 'brave' hunter with the weapon which makes him superior in strength to the creature he seeks to kill, slay a mother of the brute creation and capture her babies; saw a headline which said that 'three square meals of nothing each day for a week caused them to forget their fears,' saw the whole hideous performance. And faith, we have thought less of human nature ever since.

"Impressions made on young minds are very lasting. The boys and girls who see these pictures are not going to be made kinder or saner by them; they will either be shocked or hardened, or both.

"How long, we wonder, will it take us to really learn that kindness and consideration and love must extend to all creatures, if they are to function in the relations of human beings with each other.

"But the straws? The scarcity of trained animal acts on the vaudeville circuit, and the fact that in some sections they are not permitted at all, is a straw which shows that at least a part of mankind is interested in the development of the constructive forces of human nature."

WHAT IS A STEEL TRAP?

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

THE gruesome and disgusting features of the steel trap are a constant and discouraging source of worry for those persons who understand the suffering and cruelties which the dumb creatures of the woods and forest must endure. To be suddenly gripped in the rusted steel jaws of a soulless trap must be a nerve-racking and horrifying sensation for those small animals which, after the ruthless hunter has finally retired with his weapon, venture out at night in search of food.

An acquaintance of the writer, who considered himself a great trapper of muskrats, once told of a case in which he caught one of the luckless little creatures whose small legs were merely stumps grown over with fur, the tiny feet having been gnawed off in anguish and pain when the grim teeth of the trap clung so tenaciously to its legs. The little creature had been caught at least three times and in every case had managed to extricate itself after much pain and misery. Such conditions are certainly enough to demand the abolition of the barbarous trapping practice.

FORMER Corporal W. H. Hall is at present a patient in United States Veterans' hospital No. 59, Tacoma, Washington. With him is his dog, "Punkins," a fox terrier. Punkins saw service in the Marne, Aisne, Meuse-Argonne and St. Mihiel offensives in the World War, and is perhaps the only dog that ever received an honorable discharge from the military service of the United States.

HONORS GEO. T. ANGELL

Governor Cox of Massachusetts Proclaims Be Kind to Animals Week

ONE hundred years ago (June 5, 1823), George Thorndike Angell was born in a humble parsonage in southern Massachusetts. His memory is revered as the founder of the work for the protection of animals in Massachusetts and New England, and as the father of humane education throughout the world. At that time, with the exception of a general act passed by the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1641, no law for the prevention of cruelty to animals existed upon the statute books of any State in the Union.

Today every State has a code of laws intended to protect animals from abuse. Humane education has been extended throughout the schools of the nation and into practically every civilized country, and an annual week of special humane observance has been generally established. In view of the approaching centenary of Mr. Angell's birth, it is especially fitting that the Commonwealth in which he was born, lived and died, and from which he sent humane propaganda throughout the world, should officially recognize Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday.

I therefore appoint the week of April 9 to 14 as

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

and the following Sunday, April 15, as

HUMANE SUNDAY

The people of the Commonwealth are urged to give special thought to the humane and just treatment of animals; and it is particularly recommended that in all the schools of the Commonwealth Friday, April 13, be recognized as Humane Day, when appropriate exercises may be held emphasizing the obligations and duties of right-thinking human beings to dumb animals.

YOU CAN'T TIE TO 'EM

A. E. STEWART

I WAS on a tour of the stables of my farmer friend, and had stopped to admire a fine, big bay horse.

"Yes, he's a fine-looking horse," said the farmer. "If he was as good as he looks, he would bring a pretty sum, but he is not dependable; you can't tie to him; you can't rely upon him in a case of emergency. He's too temperamental, for one thing, and too easily discouraged for another. He's big and strong and sometimes when things don't come as fast as he thinks they ought, he becomes angry and simply tears them to pieces. On the other hand, he wants to be the judge as to when he has done enough. If it comes to hauling a heavy load up a steep grade, he gets tired easily and wants to stop and rest, and if I don't let him, he simply 'throws up' and won't pull a pound.

"But look over here, I have something worth while to show you.

"Here's a horse that is a horse; I could hardly run the farm without him. No, he is not so nice looking as the other, but what he lacks in looks he makes up in worth.

"I have seen this fellow pretty tired, but I never knew him too tired to start the first time I told him to go, and when it comes to a 'pinch pull,' this fellow would pull the world off its balance if the harness didn't break."

My friend stopped and lovingly put his arm about the neck of his favorite horse, and the horse returned the caress by gently rubbing his nose against the farmer's cheek.

Yes, some horses are very like some people.

Some people won't do what they could so easily do, and others will give their money, time and talent freely and wish they could do more.

There are many people who remind me of that first horse. They are big and strong, neatly dressed, carefully manicured and sweetly perfumed, but they simply won't do the work that needs so badly to be done. They make a nice appearance, but there their usefulness ends. "You can't tie to 'em."

IF only a man be kindly, no one can repulse him. TURGENIEFF



ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WORKERS

The Williams Service, N. Y.

One of the reasons why machinery has not come into greater popular use in India is because there are so many elephants at hand capable of being trained to do the most skillful work

TO A LADY IN HER FURS

J. B. CARRINGTON

*THE furs you wear are rich and rare,
Your face is smiling sweet and fair,
And TENDERNESS seems biding there.*

*And as you step adown the way
Of fashion's pageant and display,
You've not a care in all the day.*

*And yet in distant forests where
The little fur-clad creatures fare,
Shrill cries of torture rend the air!*

"BOB," A DOG

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

DO^G!" used as an epithet applied to a human is a "fighting word." But after having read in a California daily a news item of Bob, I feel that the term should no longer bear insult.

Bob was a common Airedale terrier, but his story shames numerous pages of human history. His is not an ordinary tale of fidelity unto death; it is different.

Bob's master and a companion went for a hunt along the edge of the Mojave Desert. Days passed, yet they did not return home. When a searching party came to the end of the trail in their little camp, both hunters were dead. There had been a tragedy. Only Bob knows what happened, but circumstances seem to lead to the belief that his master had accidentally shot his companion in the back, then, in a moment of anguish, put the rifle to his own head.

Bob was left alone with the dead. Although he was an expert hunter, he could not leave his silent master even to catch one of the numerous rabbits scurrying through the brush. Soaring lazily in the blue above watched a vulture. He knew that Death had passed. Already on the ridge above the camp, two coyotes licked their chops in anticipation.

Five days and five nights Bob kept the complaining birds and beasts from their feast.

When the searchers came up, a dozen vultures swished out of the brush and the coyotes slipped over the ridge. Bob was whining near his master's ear; he had grown too weak to stand.

Yes, Bob's story was different; he was faithful after death.

Only fifty miles from the scene of this tragedy, history records one greater. Less than fourscore years ago a party of men, women and children crossing the mountains stayed hunger with the flesh of their fallen comrades. Had Bob done likewise the rescuers would undoubtedly have shot him ignominiously. But he had not imitated man.

Since Bob was only a dog, why did he not satisfy his hunger as have numerous explorers and shipwrecked sailors? Or, why did he not abandon his silent companions to chase the taunting desert rabbit which he could have outdistanced with ease?

Since Bob cannot make known his thoughts to man, no one will ever know just why he suffered hunger while there was abundant food in sight.

"Dog!" A term meaning fidelity even after death.

MAN calls it reason, and it makes him free to be more brutish than a brute can be.

GOETHE



"PRINCE"

THIS famous Irish Terrier during the Great War accomplished one of the most remarkable animal feats known, finding his way from London and joining his soldier master in the trenches near Armentières. He was brought safely home again by the Royal S. P. C. A.

HIS MASTER'S DOG

ALICE M. SANDERSON

HE had no name so far as any one knew; Omsby always called him "Old Chap," and the rest of us just referred to him as "Omsby's dog." When the war broke out and Captain Omsby went to France, he took the dog with him as far as Paris, and the dog took himself to camp, for he would not be left behind. His only severe punishment was necessary to teach him that he must not follow his master into action, and no one doubted that his was the hardest task when he stood at "Attention!" and watched his master lead the men forward where he could not go.

Neither Omsby nor the dog were demonstrative, and the return was taken quietly on the part of both, but onlookers always felt that there was a curious bond between the two which made expression unnecessary. Omsby's men regarded Old Chap as a mascot, but no one ever became very familiar with him. He met all advances in a friendly spirit, but stopped short of actual friendship, and the boys matched his dignity with respect.

Apparently Omsby cared little for outside support, but more than once during a seemingly hopeless attack someone heard him mutter, "Well, we must finish this and get back to the Chap." Finish it they usually did, and an almost uncanny chance nearly always brought the leader out unscathed. Once he was wounded, and with no permission nor invitation, his dog found him before the ambulance driver could locate him. Doubtless the ensuing days in the hospital were the brightest of Old Chap's war experiences.

Finally, the inevitable happened, and Omsby was killed. A shell exploded and his share of the war was all over except for the

soldier's burial of a form, few, save his dog, could recognize. Old Chap's heart was broken, though he stayed with the company and watched silently out toward the battle front. Omsby's friend, Derrick, was the only one who could persuade him to eat, but that was so sparingly that he was little more than the shell of a dog.

Then, three weeks after Omsby's passing, when the men came back after a skirmish, Old Chap rose to "Attention!" as he had so often done on his master's return. With a far-away look in his eyes, he resumed his life as he had lived it before his tragedy. The men accepted the strange change with no spoken comment, though, they say, one poor wounded fellow who was brought in dying, saluted toward the dog.

After the war was over, someone took the dog back to England and sent him to Omsby's old home. I knew the rest of his story only through Derrick, whom I happened to meet in London two years later. "By the way, what became of that strange dog of Omsby's?" I inquired.

"Who owns him now?"

Derrick looked at me with the glance of one who had expected better comprehension as he replied briefly: "No one 'owns' him. He is Omsby's dog, as he always was."

Then, as though thinking better of his brusqueness, he added: "Old Chap never stayed with Omsby's people after he was taken to them, though he visits Omsby's mother nearly every day. Curiously enough he has taken up his permanent residence with a girl who lives in a cottage not far from the Omsby estate. She is a quaint, rather childlike person, with an odd kind of beauty, and the dog seems to have adopted her without any persuasion."

"No," said Derrick, answering an inquiring glance of mine, "Omsby never had anything to do with her so far as anybody knows, though she used to come in to help his mother serve tea sometimes. However, she doesn't 'own' Old Chap as you would say, for he goes his way independently of her. Sometimes he hunts throughout the morning, and often he goes loping across the hills over the course his master had ridden so often. Once he came in to London, and went to Omsby's favorite club, where he slept outside the room his master had always used, and claimed all his old privileges, until some of the servants threatened to leave because he made them nervous. But they didn't have to turn him out, for he left of his own accord the next morning, and has never been back since."

Derrick stopped as abruptly as he had begun. "You think—?" I hesitated, after the silence would bear an interruption.

"No," Derrick replied, "I never 'think.' As soon as a man 'thinks,' some blooming scientist comes along to tell him he's wrong. What's the use?"

THE Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take away his life by a false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE ORIOLE'S NEST

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

A SPLASH of gold in the tree-top tall;
A glint in the white of petaled sprays;
A bird that answers its mate's far call
Across the garden and over the wall—
The self-same song of a thousand Mays!

An oriole's nest is swinging low
Where pear blooms whiten a gaunt gray limb;
Where pear blooms weave a ruff of snow
And scatter themselves in the depths below;
Oh, rocking it is to a lulling hymn!

The nest is there in the shadows deep
When crickets chirp at eventide;
The nest is there when the world's asleep
And stars down through the new leaves peep,
An airy bark in an ocean wide!

The nest shines out at the dawn's red beam,
A thing of web and fiber and floss;
A tilting cradle where fledglings dream
Beneath a warm breast's orange gleam,
And under the petals that soft winds toss!

The nest, the nest of the oriole,
Afloat in the aisles of the ancient pear,
Adrift in a sky with a cloudy shoal;
Ah, it swings with the earth on its leaning pole;
It swings, it swings in the blossoms there!

BIRD NEWS FROM ENGLAND

FLORENCE HORATIA SUCKLING

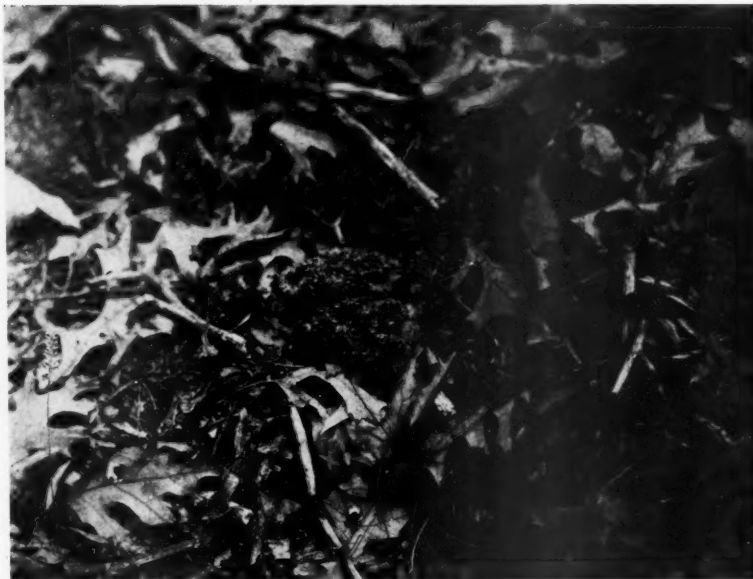
QUITE a large section of the British public is interested in bird protection, particularly of such species as aforesaid were plentiful, but of late years, owing to a craze for amateur egg collections, have been in danger of extinction. In 1894 the late well-known naturalist, Mr. W. H. Hudson, wrote a pamphlet which he called "Lost British Birds," as he feared that the species therein enumerated "were all of them past saving." The pamphlet aroused much interest among bird lovers, and the Society for the Protection of Birds, of which Mr. Hudson was an honored member, decided to engage watchers on the coasts on old-time breeding grounds, whose duty would be to enforce the laws of bird protection. During 1921 twenty-seven such watchers were employed at eighteen stations, and in 1922 thirty-three men were on duty at twenty-three stations, the most important being in the Shetland Isles, in the far North, and Dungeness, in the south-east corner of England. Both these areas are notable as the breeding places of rare birds, which would undoubtedly have vanished had it not been for the efforts put forth for their protection during the last thirty years.

Another very successful effort to preserve the life of migrating birds on their journeys to and from the British Isles is the erection of "Bird Rests" at four of the lighthouses off the coasts. In 1921 and 1922 the maintenance of the Rests which in 1913 had been equipped by a special committee of the Royal Society proved a very costly undertaking, for, after the years of exposure to winds and storms, the perches needed renewing. The reports from the light keepers of the number of birds, and the variety of species which, on misty and rainy nights, cling in clusters to the perches, demonstrate the necessity for the continued maintenance for these harbors of refuge for bewildered and tired bird travelers.

A Good Example of Protective Coloration

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the author



THE nighthawk, its eggs and its young are well protected from enemies by their color. The eggs are laid on the bare ground or the flat roof of a city building. The eggs also are often laid on a large flat rock. Both the eggs and the young birds match their surroundings in color and are very hard to see. The adult birds are irregularly marked with black, white, and cream-buff, and when incubating or brooding blend perfectly with the dead leaves, twigs, and chips about them.

The Society for the Protection of Birds (copying the Bird and Arbor Day of America) some years since established a very successful essay competition among country school children. At the commencement of each spring the competing schools form a "team" of twelve boys and girls. Each competitor is provided with a notebook and selects one bird and one tree for observation during the summer. Early in autumn they assemble in the school, where they write the result of their studies, in the presence of witnesses who see that they do not copy from books. Their papers are then sent to London, and judged. Each competing county has a silver challenge shield on which is inscribed the names of the winning schools. The successful school acquires the shield for one year. There is also an "Inter-county Shield" for competition throughout the kingdom. The results of these nature study competitions show increasing interest in the subject, and also in their zeal to protect wild birds.

SKIN GAMES

ISN'T there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin?
"Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."
—Washington Dirge

The picture shows how well young birds match their surroundings in color. The youngsters always make the best possible use of their protective coloration, too, and seldom move when intruders are near. I have photographed young nighthawks again and again, and only on a few occasions have seen them move about. Very young birds just out of the shell may be observed moving if the parent bird is disturbed, and nearly mature youngsters sometimes attempt to get out of the way by the wing route.

IN ONE DUCK'S STOMACH

I WAS always impressed by the stomach of a black duck Doctor Eaton killed near Canandaigua Lake, New York, out of a flock returning from a flooded cornfield. From this duck's gullet and gizzard he took a few pebbles, snail shells, a little chaff, and 23,704 weed seeds—13,240 pigweed seeds, 7,264 knot-grass, 576 dock, and 2,624 ragweed. As ragweed is popularly supposed to be the worst of all dangers to hay-fever sufferers, the hay-fever convention should certainly sit beneath a stuffed black duck. It is not, I fancy, generally realized that ducks consume so many seeds—in fact, it isn't generally realized, for that matter, how large a part all beneficent birds play in holding destructive exuberance of nature in check. The terrible and disgusting slaughter of our wild ducks, especially by wealthy hunters in the South in winter, is a blot on our national good sense. I knew of three New York men, one of them the owner of a houseboat, who went to the Carolinas two winters ago and in a week slaughtered three hundred ducks. They were, too, all three estimable citizens and kind fathers, and could see no reasons why they shouldn't be proud of what they had done.

WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., when making your will.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 189 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1923

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

A SUBSCRIBER'S COMPLAINT

IN a letter recently received, we were criticized for maintaining that the horse was holding his own against the auto truck. We were told that such statements would antagonize many of our readers. Now no one wishes any more than we that the horse might be relieved from all work that overtaxes his strength, or causes him suffering. Witnessing what he has had to endure again and again, we have almost wished there were not a horse left on the face of the earth for men to abuse. But no matter what our feeling in this matter, we must face the facts. The horse is here. He will be here for many a day as a servant and toiler. Probably the humane societies of the country have never done so much to protect him from needless suffering as this past year. The most of us will be dead and gone before our humane organizations can relax their efforts to care for his welfare.

Think of what a statement like the following means as bearing on this question:

"With the best truck and repair service that money could buy, our delivery system should have been ideal, but it proved less reliable than horses, and the increased costs over horse delivery were appalling.

"It took me five years to get rid of the truck outfit and to get back to horses. For the past year I have been using ten horses, which give me much better and more reliable service. My books show a saving of \$10,000 for the past year by the change from trucks to horses.

"My saving of \$2,500 in licenses, insurance, and indemnity costs would pay the feed bills of the ten horses and also pay for the shoeing and wagon repairs for the year.

"In delivery of all lines of food products the horse is here to stay, and where costs and service must be considered, horses will come back much more in city delivery work."

Henry W. Young,
Reading Terminal Market,
Philadelphia, Pa.

UNCONVINCED

BISHOP Bloomfield confesses that as a country curate he thought very highly of a sermon he had preached on "Atheism," and was so imprudent as to ask a farmer with whom he had walked from church how it struck him. "Well, sir," he replied, "for all you did say, and no doubt it was very clever, I still believe there is a God."

—*Christian Register*

THE HORSE'S VACATION—AN APPEAL

Who will give some tired, foot-sore horse a vacation this year?

He who has seen one of these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the seeming joy the poor creature has manifested when he found the soft earth beneath his feet, and knew the luxury of rolling on the cool, green grass.

Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the hard pavement, at the Nervins Rest Home of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at Methuen.

HALIFAX AND ITS FIRE HORSES

ALL our readers are interested in Halifax, N. S. They remember the great explosion and the quick response, especially of New England, for aid. We have just learned that when the question arose a few weeks ago as to what should be done with the faithful old fire horses who had served the city continuously for nineteen years, the City Council, though certain members opposed it, advocating that they be sold for the paltry sum of \$150, voted that they be turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, to be taken care of by them and painlessly put to sleep. As one of the aldermen, Mr. Ackhurst, said in pleading their cause, "Personally, I would not be guilty of calling for offers to buy. Such a state of affairs would be a standing disgrace." More and more cities and towns, as well as individuals, are coming to see the shame of selling for a song, to be ill-treated and overworked, the faithful old horses who have served them till their best years are spent.

WE BELIEVE IT

REMEMBERING other days, we can quite believe the following from the *Lewiston (Maine) Sun*.

Willie Pinkham, twelve years old, of Steuben, has been wanting a dog to play with for a long time. A friend of the family who lives in North Hancock wrote that he had a dog that he might have if he would come after him. The boy was so tickled with the idea that he started right off and walked the forty-eight miles through the snow after the dog. The next morning he walked all the way home again with the dog, making a forty-eight mile jaunt in two days. He said the road seemed shorter going back.

KEATS AND THE GOLDFISH

THEY are better in the water—though I must confess even now a partiality for a handsome globe of goldfish—then I would have it hold ten pails of water and be fed continually fresh through a cool pipe with another pipe to let through the floor—well ventilated they would preserve all their beautiful silver and crimson. Then I would put it before a handsome painted window and shade it all round with Myrtles and Japonicas. I should like the window to open on to the Lake of Geneva—and there I'd sit and read all day like the picture of somebody reading.

KEATS

THERE'S something of a moral in Ed Totty's mule," says the old citizen of Little Lot. "He's a kicker, but when he kicks he can't pull, and when he pulls he can't kick."

A LAWYER WRITES A LETTER

MORRIS BINNARD is at once a lawyer and the president of the San Diego, Calif., Humane Society. Having seen the article referred to below, he writes the editor of the Pennsylvania paper the following capital letter:—

Gentlemen:

In the *San Diego Herald*, issue of January 11, 1923, appears an article headed, "Can't go to Bear, so Bruin Comes to be Shot." In this article it is told how a young boy, fifteen, who was not allowed to go bear hunting with his father, and while his father was tramping in the hills, shot a bear that had entered his orchard; and of the glow of triumph in the boy's eyes as the bear lay dead beside him.

This foolish bear sought the lowlands in quest of food which evidently he could not procure in the snow-covered mountains.

George is now a hero among the boys in the town of Hazelton, for he has killed a bear. At fifteen George has learned to kill, and George is not to blame. It was as natural for him to kill a bear at fifteen as for his father to kill a bear at forty. The thought was transmitted to him at birth; it could have been otherwise molded, but it was not.

If a boy must shoot something, would not the exhilaration be just as great if he were taught to shoot at live objects with a camera?

If we implant in the mind of a child the desire to kill, just where will that desire terminate? Which boy is going to be of greater value to his community, the one who is taught to kill, or the one who is taught to love sentient animals? Who is more likely to become the valued citizen, the boy who is taught to kill, or the boy who is taught to respect the rights of others?

A desire to kill brings forth in a boy all that is cruel and develops his baser nature, while a good act brings forth that which is good, and ennobles and enriches the heart.

A boy is not likely to grow up a weakling because he has not been taught to kill something; strength of character lies not in the practice of brutality, but in doing justice to those weaker than ourselves. The boy of today is the citizen of tomorrow, and to be just and to govern wisely, he must be taught humaneness and educated in sympathetic understanding. Every boy should own some animal or pet, and learn to understand them in sympathetic comradeship. This will lessen the criminal tendency in children and promote a greater respect for law; and the next time Bruin comes hungry to the orchard, he will be fed instead of shot.

TO SPREAD HUMANE SENTIMENT

A NEW JERSEY correspondent tells us that it is her habit, when borrowing a library book, to place a humane leaflet in it before returning it. In this way she believes others will be reached who might not otherwise have their attention called to the subject. She also places humane literature in books and magazines found in public reading-rooms.

AN Indian, last month, near Auburn, Washington, enraged at one of his horses, beat it to death. So stricken with remorse was he that he shot himself a few hours afterwards. Many yield to an insane passion who know nothing of such bitter sorrow for the sin committed.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treasurer*
MRS. ELBERT CLARKE, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	740
Animals examined	4,885
Number of prosecutions	26
Number of convictions	25
Horses taken from work	114
Horses humanely put to sleep	106
Small animals humanely put to sleep	488
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	56,408
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	191

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges, during March, gifts of \$1,000 from Miss H. C. B.; \$100 each from Miss E. R. S., Miss M. J., and Mrs. C. H. T.; \$29.30 from P. P. B.; \$25 each from Miss B. H., Mrs. J. F. L., Mrs. L. B. W., T. H. G., Mrs. H. B., I. H. E., E. F. F., and Miss E. P. D.; and \$20 each from G. H. P. H., Mrs. C. A. H., and "Anonymous."

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Thomas H. Hoyt of Merrimac, Franklin P. Bond of Medford, Mrs. Eliza F. Mallalieu of Newton, and Emeline M. Evans of Medford.

April 10, 1923.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

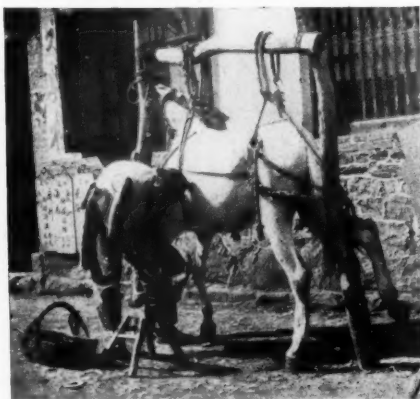
Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	512	Cases	661
Dogs	318	Dogs	414
Cats	121	Cats	228
Horses	66	Horses	7
Birds	5	Birds	6
Goat	1	Chameleons	4
Monkey	1	Cow	1
		Rabbit	1
Operations	330		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15,	32,867		
Free Dispensary cases	40,539		
Total	73,406		

ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AUXILIARY

AT the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. it was voted to hold the Fair this year on Wednesday and Thursday, November 15 and 16, from 10.30 A. M. to 10.30 P. M.

There will be the usual cafeteria, and afternoon tea will be served. The musical program will be of the best. Games for the children and their elders—other amusements. Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher with Mrs. E. K. Thayer will have the household table. Miss Rowley and Mrs. Charles F. Rowley will have the candy table. Mrs. H. H. Field and Mrs. Winthrop Scudder will make the toy table of special interest to children and adults. Mrs. A. C. Littlefield and Mrs. Francis H. Rowley promise some unusual features for the fancy table. Mrs. William J. Underwood will have with her Mrs. Elbert Clarke to help make the food table the finest ever. Mrs. Lucius Cummings, ably assisted by Mrs. Joseph Dutra, will have charge of the handkerchiefs and White Elephant table.

Children think it hard to be kept indoors after school when naughty, but it is much harder for a poor, innocent dog to be chained up for hours or even days. It may make him cross and dangerous. Give him freedom to exercise as his nature demands.



SHOEING A HORSE IN CHINA

THE photograph reproduced above was taken last year in Chefoo, China, and shows the brutal method of shoeing in vogue there. Probably due to the fact that the Chinese smith does not know the proper way to shoe a horse, the animal is trussed up in this fashion to prevent his struggling, thinks the one who took the picture.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

REPORT OF CONSTANTINOPLE S. P. A.

ON account of the political situation in Constantinople, the work of the Society for the Protection of Animals was practically suspended the last of October. We have just received from the honorary secretary, Mrs. A. W. Manning, the very remarkable report of the Society's work for the first nine months of 1922. A marked improvement was noticed in the cab and draft horses on the streets, and in the handling of cattle and fowls. Now all ships discharging animals at the Galata Quay are obliged to provide slings for cattle and large crates for hogs.

Arrangements were made for the treatment of sick animals at a private hospital, and a lethal chamber installed where small animals are put to sleep free of charge. About 6,000 dogs were destroyed in June, due to an epidemic of rabies. A license system for dogs was introduced in Constantinople. There were 45 prosecutions for cruelty, 110 cautions given, 110 horses taken from work, and 133 horses taken to the hospital, in the nine months.

Several leaflets were published and circulated by the Society, a book on the treatment of animals was translated into Bulgarian for circulation in the schools of Bulgaria, lantern slide lectures were given in schools, and over 3,000 books and leaflets about animals gratuitously distributed.

IN DEFENSE OF A KITTEN

WE came across, recently, an interesting episode in the life of Keats, the poet. Frail and anything but a pugilist, he fought one day a really desperate battle with a young and powerful butcher in defense of a kitten the scoundrel was tormenting. His biographer, Colvin, says:

"He thought he should be beaten, for the fellow was the taller and stronger; but like an authentic pugilist, my young poet found that he had planted a blow which 'told' upon his antagonist; in every succeeding round therefore (for they fought nearly an hour), he never failed of returning to the weak point, and the contest ended in the hulk being led home."

Be sure that your cat always has water at hand. All the milk in the world will not make up to her for its loss. A clean saucer of water should always stand in some out-of-the-way corner ready for her use.

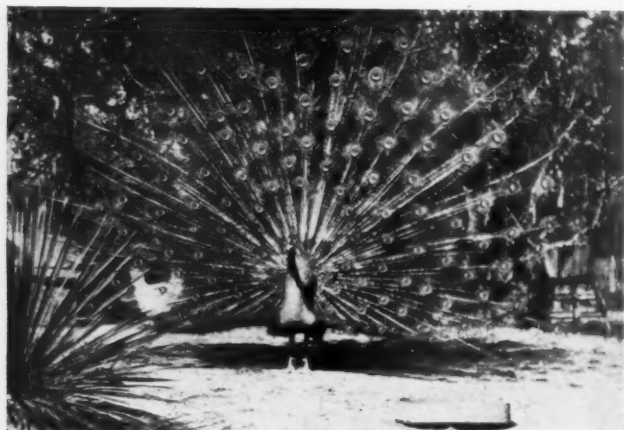


HOW TO CATCH A BIRD

LELAND B. JACOBS

DON'T hunt him with a sling or gun
 For that would surely spoil the fun;
 For when all life has left his breast
 You then can pick up all the rest—
 A crumpled body, red and small,
 A bit of plumage, that is all.
 You haven't got his song or call!
 Don't kill him!

*I'll tell a secret that I heard—
 The perfect way to catch a bird.
 Just get a bird book, called a guide,
 And with field-glasses at your side
 Go out into the woods and see
 The bird perched up in some tall tree;
 Stop, too, and hear his melody—
 YOU'VE got him!*



ANTONIO, KING OF THE FOWLS

MARY DAVIS JACKSON

ANTONIO was the king of San Juan Farm. He had come there to live when he was very young, and, from the moment the Doctor, his master, turned him loose beneath the giant pecan trees, he demanded and received much homage.

As he grew, his plumage became a thing of radiant beauty. No one knew this better than Antonio himself.

He was so devoted to the Doctor that he would wait by the farmyard gate in the evening, and when he saw the Doctor coming he would spread out his wonderful plumage like great masts of fairy vessels and strut about giving forth his own peculiar welcoming cry. Although a vain fellow, he had many good qualities. One in particular that endeared him to the other fowls on the farm was his kindness in warning them when danger was near. Mr. Chicken Hawk found it a difficult matter to swoop down and snatch his prey on the farm, for Antonio was alert and watchful, and he always warned his friends when he saw the enemy hovering near.

It was his delight to eat from the hand of the Doctor, his master, and choice bits were always saved for this happy time for both the master of the household and the king of the fowls.

PRAIRIE DOG, "PETE"

DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF

WHEN the Bensons first moved to Montana, they lived on a ranch ten miles from the nearest white people.

George Benson was nine years old. He had no play-fellows, so he made friends with all the little wild creatures that he could.

One morning his father came in from the pasture with a baby prairie dog in his pocket. The little thing had been very much hurt by some animal, probably a coyote.

Mr. Benson handed it to George and said: "Here, son, see what kind treatment will do for a prairie dog."

So "Pete" became an inmate of the Benson home. The hair on his back and sides was a reddish gray, on his belly it was a very light gray. His legs were short, his breast and shoulders wide. His little ears looked as if they had been cropped. The two inner toes of his front feet were long and sharp. George's father explained that they grew that way, so that Pete could dig his home in the hard earth.

George bound up Pete's injured leg and washed the cut places on his back. He kept him in a box and fed him with tender green grass. He never handled him roughly nor spoke in gruff tones. After four weeks of kindness and care, Pete was following George everywhere and was as playful as a puppy.

When Pete was full grown, he measured twelve inches from the tip of his nose to the root of his shaggy tail, and the tail itself was five inches long.

One day in October, while Mrs. Benson was working in the kitchen, Pete ran in. He sat up on his haunches, and barked in his high-pitched voice. She went on with her work. Pete got as close to her as he could, sat up and barked again. It was the first time he had ever acted in such a strange manner. She went to the other end of the kitchen. Pete followed and repeated his strange performance, then he hurried to the door.

Mrs. Benson followed him. She saw two-year-old Helen going down the road toward the creek. Evidently Pete knew that the water was no place for baby Helen, and he found a way to tell her mother.

Prairie dogs live in burrows in the ground. They damage thousands and thousands of dollars worth of crops every year. Farmers consider them great pests and try to get rid of them by putting poison down in the burrows.

Prairie dogs are nearly always plump and fat. They seem to be happy little creatures in spite of the unfriendliness of the world about them.

THE CHICKEN

BERTHA WULF

AROUND white egg within a nest
 Beneath a mother hen's warm breast.

*Soon with a tiny "peep, peep, peep,"
 A little chicken wakes from sleep;*

*And breaks its shell and wriggles out,
 And tries in vain to walk about—*

*The sweetest, dearest thing of all,
 A pretty, fluffy, yellow ball.*

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT

For the Year Ending March 1, 1923

I

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

THE Society has never had so busy a year. The long, severe winter, with its heavy fall of snow, has demanded the utmost service we could render. Complaints have poured in from over the State of failure to feed and shelter live stock, and the condition of the streets in all our cities has made the lot of our teaming horses harder than ever before. Such a state of affairs means a flood of complaints to be investigated. Now that all our pavements are laid for the automobile, smooth, generally as hard and slippery as glass, now that the street cars pile the snow in ridged masses between the tracks and the curbstones, there are days at a time when the horse has about all he can do to keep his feet, to say nothing about hauling his load.

It would be a mercy if all the teaming horses on our streets could be replaced by auto trucks, but so long as the horse does the work cheaper for the shorter distances within our cities, men will continue to use him. Many are abandoning trucks and going back to horses.

Of our work the public knows but little. Today, tomorrow, the newspapers tell of someone arrested, convicted, fined for cruelty, and that represents largely to the reader the substance and nature of our service. But consider this: Last year there were 304 cases of prosecution and 8,665 complaints investigated. Who knows anything about the time spent in these investigations, many of them requiring miles of travel often over nearly impassable roads and through all sorts of storm and weather? Who recognizes the educational value of much of this work? "Oh, I don't believe in this prosecution business," someone says, "give me the Society that educates."

Well, the great bulk of the work of our Society is educational. For every person prosecuted for violating the law there were this past year 28 interviewed—warned, instructed, persuaded to do the right thing instead of the wrong thing. All this increasing stream of service flowing out from our offices in Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Mansfield, New Bedford, Lynn, Methuen—no one, naturally, knows about this except those personally concerned, and yet this is the chief part of what we are doing year in and year out.

The Stock-Yards

There is another feature of our work that the public never sees: Two men two days a week at the stock-yards inspecting the cattle trains as they arrive, destroying humanely, and at once, any animals down or suffering, watching the treatment accorded the animals by those who handle them; 52 weeks in the year. Who thinks of this? Two hundred and eighty-three convictions for cruelty, but 673,668 animals inspected as they came into the stock-yards.

Field Agent's Report

Consider the Field Agent's report: 60,842 miles traveled with automobile. This in

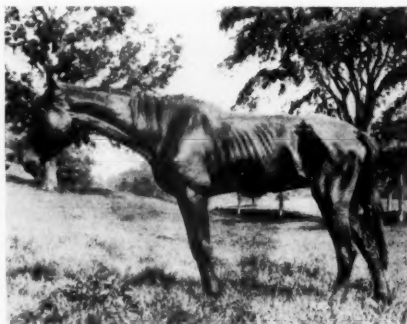
addition to work done in country districts by agents with headquarters in the cities mentioned above, some of whom have traveled hundreds of miles by automobile in discharge of their duties.

The Hospital

Never since the opening has our Hospital been so taxed to meet the demands made upon it, 1,342 more patients treated than the year before. Frequently we have had to start a waiting list, being obliged to refuse cases for which no room could be found. But for generous contributions to the free work of the Hospital, we could not carry it on.

The Rest Farm for Horses

At the Nevins' Rest Farm for Horses the same sort of work has gone on as in previous years. The stable has been full and the pastures were taxed last summer to their fullest extent. Many poor horses were bought at auction and given a few weeks' rest and



ONE OF THE HORSES AT THE FARM,
HAVING A GOOD REST BEFORE HIS
JOURNEY'S END

freedom in the pastures before being painlessly put to sleep. No money is more appreciated than that received for our Old Horse Fund.

A Great Need

The next thing we must have is a Small Animal Shelter at the Farm. Methuen, Lawrence, Andover, North Andover, Shawsheen Village, and the country round about have no means of gathering up the lost and strayed and unwanted dogs and cats and giving them a painless death where homes cannot be found for such as are well and desirable. Is there not someone who will make this possible, and whose name may thus be perpetuated for generations as a friend of these lowly creatures whose volume of suffering is beyond compute?

The Women's Auxiliary

Again we acknowledge with sincere gratitude the fine work done by our Women's Auxiliary. They have made possible refitting three of our large wards for small animals with the best modern equipment. In addition to the money raised by them at their Fairs, they have won many friends for the Society and

the Hospital who otherwise might never have become interested.

Financial

In spite of the past year being the busiest we have ever known, and our expenditures the largest, we have met all our obligations and from bequests have been able to add to our invested funds against some of the lean years all charitable organizations must experience.

Our gratitude is unbounded to those who have so loyally and generously stood by us. We have been always moving forward, believing that the more we did, the more our friends would give us to do with, and we have not been disappointed.

SOME PROSECUTIONS MADE BY OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

A man was fined \$60 for allowing his horse to lie for several days in the stall uncared for when it was too weak to rise. A horse was found abandoned in a Brookline stable, and the owner paid a fine of \$75 for the offense.

There were prosecutions for selling an unfit horse, driving an unfit horse, and leading an unfit horse. A \$50 fine was imposed in each of the first two cases, and the last resulted in a \$25 fine and two months in jail.

A severe case of overdriving a horse was punished by a four months' sentence. In two other offenses of the kind \$50 fines were paid. Overloading horses, in two prosecutions, received fines of \$25 and \$20, respectively.

A driver caught using a wire whip paid a \$50 fine for the beating. Another beating case resulted in a \$40 fine.

There were several fines of \$25 paid by men driving galled horses. A stableman was fined \$50 for sending out a horse suffering from gall-sores under the harness.

Underfeeding a horse was proved against the owner in one case, and he was fined \$25 and given thirty days in jail.

A farmer was convicted of starving his cattle and was fined \$65. For cruelly shooting a cow, a \$50 fine was imposed. There were several cases of improper shelter of cows, and a \$25 fine was the penalty in one.

For cruelly shooting dogs one offender paid \$50, and another \$20. One man in a most cruel manner threw a dog in a lime-kiln. He was convicted and fined \$25. An autoist was put in Court for running over a dog and was fined \$10. For driving away without identifying himself, he was fined \$20.

A Cambridge man went away for nearly a week and left his cat locked in the house with no provision made for its food. It was necessary for our officer to force an entry to get at the animal which had given birth to three kittens meantime. The kittens were alive; the mother dead. This man was prosecuted, convicted, and fined \$50.

Failure to shelter hogs cost the owner \$20.

In one case of heinous cruelty to a hen a fine of \$150 was imposed. Several cases of overcrowding of fowl and cruel transportation were punished by fines ranging from \$25 to \$50. Locking a hen's wings was punished by a \$25 fine.

A young fellow was convicted of setting fire to a gunner's lodge and burning several ducks to death. He was fined \$100.

For mutilating a dog's ears, an offender had to pay a fine of \$25.

Over a score of men were arrested at a cock fight and paid fines of \$20 each, for being present. The promoter was fined \$200, and again \$200 for training birds to fight. About 120 of the promoter's birds were finally destroyed by the Court's order. Another man paid a fine of \$20 for having gamecocks in his possession.

These are but a few of the exceptional cases taken from a long list of prosecutions instituted by this Society during last year.

The directions to our prosecuting officers are that it is always better when possible to convert men from cruelty than to convict them in courts, and that the test of a Society's usefulness is not the number of its prosecutions, but the number of acts of cruelty it is able to prevent.

L. WILLARD WALKER
Chief Officer

REPORTS WORTH READING

Activities of Officers of Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for the Year

Complaints investigated	8,665
Animals (all kinds) examined during such investigation	61,813
Horses taken from work	1,268
Horses humanely put to sleep	1,002
Other animals humanely put to sleep	6,890
Animals inspected (stock-yards and abattoirs)	673,668
Animals sick or injured, humanely put to sleep	2,097
Horses watered on Boston streets, summer of 1922	57,187
Prosecutions	304
Convictions	283

FIELD AGENT'S REPORT

Since the work was begun in 1918

Miles traveled	60,842
Cases investigated	2,481
Animals inspected	77,251
Number of prosecutions	330
Number of convictions	300
Horses humanely put to sleep	656
Horses taken from work	498

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
R. J. WELLS, V.M.D.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 1, 1923

Small animals treated	5,563
Large animals treated	402
Birds treated	40
Total number cases in hospital	6,005

FREE Dispensary

Small animals treated	6,840
Large animals treated	82
Birds treated	61
Treated by correspondence	132
Total number cases in Free Dispensary	6,983
Total animals and birds treated last year	12,988

SUMMARY

Cases in hospital since opening, March 1, 1915	32,355
Cases in Free Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915	39,878
Total	72,233

Ambulance Trips, March 1, 1922, to March 1, 1923

Electric Horse Ambulance	253
Gas Horse Ambulance	194
New Garford Two-horse Ambulance	57
Old horse-drawn Horse Ambulance	1
	505
1921-22, Trips for Horses	496
Small Animals Ambulance	1,643
1921-22, Trips for Small Animals,	1,207



ONE OF THE 1,002 HORSES HUMANELY PUT TO SLEEP BY OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

II

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

HOW shall we tell again the story of twelve months' work of the American Humane Education Society? Shall we measure it by the number of miles traveled by its Field Workers in the South and West? Five of them have reported that it required a total of 50,000 miles of constant journeying to carry the humane gospel to all who were reached. Shall we estimate it by the number of printed pages of literature in five different languages, bearing our imprint, that have come from the press? No less than 1,818,000 pages in English, and 1,275,000 pages in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Yiddish, or a total of 3,093,000 printed pages, was our contribution to the world's humane literature during the year. If, to this, we may add the monthly issues of *Our Dumb Animals*, we have the startling figures, 11,104,568 pages produced in a single year, or one page for every three seconds of the day and night. This great volume of literature, which is being sent to almost every corner of the civilized globe, is made possible only by the generous contributions of money and of time by great-hearted and consecrated friends of our cause.

Other Printed Matter

The above summary does not include the two editions of sets of attractive animal panels furnished to us by the National Child Welfare Association, nor the very successful 1923 edition of the Humane Calendar for which more calls were received this year than ever before.

The Two Press Bureaus

Nor do the above figures make any accounting of the thousands of pages of press sheets and other literature sent out by our press bureau in Boston and by that in California. From the former alone, 36,338 pieces, from a card to a bound book, went to points throughout the country east of the Rocky Mountains. The Western Press Committee has issued, regularly, articles to 700 newspapers west of the Rockies.

Special Weeks

As in preceding years, the Governor of Massachusetts issued a Proclamation for Be Kind to Animals Week, April 24 to 29, and Humane Sunday, April 30. The school poster contest in the State brought 1,200 posters, from fifty-two cities and towns, in competition for the nine cash prizes offered. During the

Week the President and Secretary addressed pupils in several of the schools of Greater Boston. A national word contest, open to children under fifteen, resulted in the receipt of 595 lists of words from the phrase, Be Kind to Animals.

An exhibition booth, attended by two experienced Field Workers, was maintained at the Convention of the National Education Association, in Boston, July 3 to 6, when a large amount of literature was placed in the hands of teachers, and many personal interviews were given on methods of humane education instruction.

For National Education Week, December 3 to 9, the President sent a personal letter to each of the forty-eight Governors, asking that an appeal for humane education be included in the Proclamation for the Week. Several Governors responded favorably and incorporated such suggestions and endorsements in their Proclamations.

The Band of Mercy

No more encouraging feature of our work exists than the ready response of the young, particularly children of grammar school age, to pledge themselves to kindness to animals. Bands of Mercy to the number of 4,728 were

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

reported, from many states and several foreign countries, but the most of them from those sections where regular workers are engaged in visiting schools. In Massachusetts Miss Maryott reached schools in Salem, Melrose, Rochester, Carver, Medford, North Attleboro, Blackstone, Millville, Seekonk, and Boston. An example of persistent and successful volunteer work is that of Mrs. Walter Turle, who, for twenty years, has been laboring for humane education in the schools of Duluth, Minn. Recently she has induced the county authorities to take up the work officially in the rural sections. Very hopeful is the interest of the division superintendents of schools in the Philippine Islands, several of whom have issued special instructions to their teachers along this line. Quantities of literature, including subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, have been furnished during the year to Philippine schools. Many Bands flourish in foreign lands. One of 2,000 members exists in Santiago, Chile. In Sofia, Bulgaria, three Bands of Mercy held a joint meeting during the year.

A Glimpse at the Field Work

From Massachusetts to Washington and California, twelve regular Field Workers have been carrying on constant campaigns of speaking in schools and adult assemblies, of distributing literature in season and out of season, and of conducting wide correspondence where it was impossible to secure personal interviews. Late in 1922 Mrs. Ora Brown Stokes of Richmond, Va., was added to our staff, her work being especially with the colored population of Richmond and vicinity. Miss Finley has been employed constantly in schools of Norfolk County, Va., and of Charleston, W. Va. Mrs. Weathersbee has been engaged in a great variety of work in many different places in North Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia. Mr. Carroll continues to preach the gospel of the square deal to animals wherever he finds an audience of colored or white people, frequently of both, his parish by no means being confined to his own State of South Carolina. Mr. Burton traversed the mountain regions of Tennessee "by railroad, auto, coal and lumber inclines, horseback, and walking," visiting especially churches and Sunday-schools of all denominations. Mr. Barnwell estimates that he reached over 100,000 persons in his more than 600 school talks, and public addresses in eastern Texas and Oklahoma. Mrs. Hogue's Humane Educational Society in San Diego, Cal., has been merged temporarily in the humane education department of the local Humane Society, of which she has been made chairman. Mrs. Nichols, in Washington, has been waging constant warfare against Wild West shows and trained animal exhibitions of all kinds, working especially through the Parent-Teacher Associations and making efforts to secure legislative action. She has given many addresses to a great variety of assemblies, and conducted an enormous correspondence.

Our Missionary Work Abroad

Our efforts to promote humane education in foreign lands are necessarily co-operative, either with local organizations already established or with volunteer workers on virgin soil. Hardly a day passes without the receipt of one or more foreign letters, often written in the native language, asking for information

or for literature or for financial help. Recently we sent to the headquarters of two large foreign missionary societies about 25,000 leaflets to be distributed by them among their missionaries. It is pleasing to record here that Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, whose early efforts in Cuba we largely assisted, has been officially recognized as "a Daughter of Havana," her work in that city having become established on a sound basis. It is with the Spanish-speaking lands to the south of us that we have had the most to do during the year. Literature has been forwarded to Miss Alva C. Blaffer, whose Association Mexicana Humanitaria has been making great progress in Mexico City; to Mr. D. D. Fitch, at Valencia, Venezuela, where the local Society conducted a large prize essay contest in the schools; and to Mr. Alfred Philipp, president of a growing Society in Iquique, Chile. Especially worthy of note is the volunteer work of Mrs. Frank B. Freyer in Lima, Peru, who has raised several hundred dollars for erecting much-needed drinking-fountains for horses, and who has circulated quantities of literature and other humane supplies in Peru.

Against Trained Animal Acts

The Jack London Club is increasing in membership at the uniform rate of about 40,000 a year, but these figures do not tell the whole story of the increasing sentiment against the trained animal performance which, soon or late, will be banished from our theaters.

Other Activities

Our film, "The Bell of Atri," has been in demand from New Hampshire to New Mexico, and all four prints of it were in use during Be Kind to Animals Week. Our two stereoscopic slide sets are also called for continually. During the year an unusual number of medals have been awarded for humane acts. Public addresses by the President have been made on several occasions, and one was broadcasted from the radio station at Medford Hillside. *Our Dumb Animals* continues to tell the story of our work each month. Many flattering letters from editors and subscribers are received, but we seldom have space to publish them.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven hundred and twenty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported in March. Of these, 200 were in schools of Massachusetts; 101 in schools of Washington; 94 in schools of Pennsylvania; 78 in schools of Connecticut; 72 in schools of Texas; 61 in schools of West Virginia; 58 in schools of Rhode Island; 48 in schools of Georgia; 8 in schools of Minnesota; and one each in New Jersey, Maryland, Michigan, Oregon, the Philippine Islands, and Canada.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 142,067.

THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, secretary of the Humane Society of Sioux City, Iowa, four Bands of Mercy have been organized, with a total membership of 550.

CAT FRIGHTENED TO DEATH

READING in *Our Dumb Animals* of a very unusual case of an animal being frightened to death, a Malden (Mass.) correspondent writes:—

"I can answer to one more. I had a pet female cat that I didn't want to have in bad company, so I put her in a large wire cage in the basement for a few days. The basement door being open, two shepherd dogs came in and barked and tried to get at her, I suppose. Soon after, the cat was found dead clinging to the side of the cage with a frightened expression on her face."



PLAYING BUNNY

A HIGH school principal in the state of Washington found this kitten in his car, one night after attending a meeting. He adopted the waif more from a sense of duty than of desire, but now finds he is attached to the pet which often assumes a striking pose, as in the snap-shot above.

ENGLISH BANDS OF MERCY

F. H. SUCKLING

AS the rural population of England is so more or less stationary, the members of the old Bands of Mercy of thirty and forty years ago are many of them parents and grandparents of the present-day members, who now fill their predecessors' places upon the old forms, in the old school-houses, and listen to the old lesson in kindness to animals taught in the long ago to their elders. Not long since a new school-master appeared at a Band of Mercy magic lantern address in a village, and, being asked to "say a few words" to the audience, remarked, "Good evening, Comrades! I am glad to find myself in a Band of Mercy once more, for twenty years ago I regularly attended classes like this, and repeated that old pledge that I see upon the screen. I will not say I *was* a member of the Band of Mercy, for I am glad to say I *am* a member. So, now, all stand up, and together we will say that pledge."

LONGING FOR A LOVER

R. S. WEST

A CERTAIN hymn tells us that "the world is dying for a little bit of love." But have you ever thought that even as people desire love, so do animals? All animals—especially dogs—are longing for love every day of their lives.

You can walk down the street and meet a lonesome, ragged, disowned dog, which, if you will snap your finger at him and speak kindly to him, will prick up his ears and wag his tail and follow you. Some dogs endure so many kicks and cuffs and so much starvation that they eagerly grasp at any insignificant kindness.

Animals love to be loved almost as well as a person does.

Remember this and see that all animals with whom you come in contact get some sort of affection.

A college president once stated that one of the tests of an educated person was to be able to say that a stray dog would follow him home.

A HAND-SHAKING DOG

PROBABLY no official hand-shaker who ever posed on the west steps of the Court House attracted more respectful attention than was given to a big collie dog who occupied the top step for quite a time today and gravely offered to shake hands with every person who approached the door, says the *Evening Times* of Greensburg, Ind.

Although amusing to those who watched, his dogship never lost the air of cordial dignity that is associated with all reception committees. Hard-hearted indeed would have been the person who passed the dog without first accepting the paw of welcome extended.

The look of pleasure that overspread the canine countenance when the greeting was acknowledged gave proof that all animals are pleading for recognition, and their paws are extended for the hand of fellowship by humans. Although not shown openly like this dog's, in the eyes of every dog on the street can be seen that pleading for a kind word or a kind pat on the head.

GOODNESS is the only investment that never fails.
THOREAU

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

THE BRIGHT SIDE

JOHN BERNARD O'SULLIVAN

*THE south wind glides across the marsh
Where are the ghostly willows;
The blackbirds meet in lowland hall
And the lake is dressed in billows;
Yon babes of night are chatt'ring out
The world's most wonderful story,
For feathered friends are home today
To chant a song of glory.*

*The smiling sky is painted dark—
Great fangs of lightning glitter;
Spring thunders boom in God's great room
Where life is sweet and bitter.
The tempest sails to lands afar,
And blackbirds seem the plover
For having lived to sing a song
They're singing all the louder.*

ANIMALS IN STORMS

I HAVE heard a story of a young artist who, after painting a picture of a horse facing a storm, was not satisfied with it, and feeling that something was wrong, asked Landseer to look at it. Instantly the great artist said to him, "Turn the horse around."

The cow turns her head to the storm, the horse turns his tail. Why this difference? Because each adopts the plan best suited to its needs and its anatomy. How much better suited is the broad, square head of the cow, with its heavy coating of hair and its ridge of bone that supports its horns, to face the storm than is the smooth, more nervous and sensitive head of the horse! What a contrast between their noses and their mode of grazing! The cow has no upper front teeth; she reaps the grass with the scythe of her tongue, while the horse bites it off and loves to bite the turf with it. The lip of the horse is mobile and sensitive. Then the bovine animals fight with their heads, and the equine with their heels. The horse is a hard and high kicker, the cow a feeble one in comparison. The horse will kick with both hind feet, the cow with only one. In fact, there is not much "kick" in her kind. The tail of the cow is less protection to her than is that of the horse to him. Her great need of it is to fight flies, and, if attacked in the rear, it furnishes a good hold for her enemies. Then her bony stern, with its ridges and depressions and thin flanks, is less fit in any encounter with storm or with beast than is her head. On the other hand the round, smooth, solid buttocks of the horse, with their huge masses of muscles, his smooth flanks, and his tail—an apron of long, straight, strong, black hair—are well designed to resist storm and cold. What animal is it in Job whose neck is clothed with thunder? With the horse, it is the hips that are so clothed. His tremendous drive is in his hips.

JOHN BURROUGHS, in *Harper's Magazine*

It is almost as bad to let another creature continue to suffer for lack of the help we could give him as it is to be the cause of his suffering in the first place. This applies to animals and people alike. If everybody always lived by the rule of doing no unnecessary harm, and helping all other creatures whenever he could, always using good sense, but never being selfish or indifferent, almost all pain, sorrow and trouble in the world would soon come to an end.

NOTICE TO EDITORS

YOU are free to reprint any or all of the contents of *Our Dumb Animals* if you wish. That is the reason this publication is mailed to you. In the interest of mistreated animals, we ask you to give as much publicity to animal welfare as you can. We shall be interested in seeing copies of your paper containing articles from *Our Dumb Animals*, preferably with credit to this publication.

THE GLORIES OF WAR?

THOSE who have lived in or near the "War Zone" of western Europe have seen and experienced its horrors, the sufferings, moral and physical, of war. They loathe it and fear its possible return and their prayers go up to heaven to arrest it.

The Iron Duke—Wellington—once speaking of war said, "Victory is only less terrible than defeat and should be always avoided when possible." Friends of the writer who were in close touch for several years, occupied on a mission of mercy, with the firing line close by, witnessed the ruin caused by the long-drawn-out hostilities. Since peace they told me their one wish was to forget its ghastly sights of burned villages, the mutilated men and women, the starving children, homeless old men and women without food and in rags. Where are the Glories of War? We remember a rich member of the Society of Friends who when making his will made the following stipulation: "Should any member of my family engage in the accursed trade of war, he shall be disinherited—for a hideous trade it is."

Now to combat war and all its terrible physical and moral crimes, a remedy is undoubtedly possible. It has been frequently asserted and with truth that if the women of the civilized world were to commence an active campaign against war's recurrence, success would be assured. If the women and maidens in their millions in America would inaugurate a "Great Peace League," their sisters in other lands would follow. Such a movement to abolish war would redound to the glory of your 110,000,000 people far more than the possession of all the gold in the world or the wonderful prosperity of its people.

Heaven grant that the day may come when the killing of one's fellow-man may be deemed as it should be—foul murder!

EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

Worthing, England

March 15, 1923

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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For sale by the American Humane Education Society, and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass., at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold face are of books.)

Our Dumb Animals, Vol. 55, June, 1922-May, 1923, \$1.25

About the Horse

Don—His Recollections, Willard A. Paul, M.D., 274 pp., illus. cloth, \$1.50
Black Beauty (English), cloth, 45 cents . . . paper, 20 cts.
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley, \$0.30 per 100
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The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc. 60 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5 50 " "
The Horse's Prayer 30 " "
The Horse's Point of View in Winter (or Summer), post-card 1.00 " "
Advice on Stable Management, card 1.00 " "
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The Birds of God, Theron Brown, 318 pp., illus. cloth, \$1.50
The Lady of the Robins cloth, 35 cts.
Save the Birds, post-card \$0.50 per 100
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 . . . 50 " "
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About the Cat

The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease . . . \$0.60 per 100
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8 50 " "
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve 50 " "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6c per doz. . . 50 " "
About Poor Puss 30 " "

About Other Animals

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